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THE MUTANT MASSACRE CONTINUES!
DAREDEVIL
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ANN NOCENTI WRITER SAL BUSCEMA & STEVE LEIALOHA ARTISTS JOE ROSEN LETTERS MAX SCHEELE COLORS RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

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NO, DON'T, AAAGH!
LET'S GO, JAKE, FAST!
GET OUTTA MY TUNNELS!
SLASH!
NO! HE'S GOT NO RIGHT!
SURE HE DOES, HE OWNS!
LOOK, THE MORLOCKS ARE DEAD! THESE TUNNELS ARE OPEN TURF AGAIN!
THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL OF US.
MY TUNNELS, MY TURF, GO AWAY!
OR I DON'T JUST PUT THE MARK OF THE SABRETOOTH ON YOUR FACE...
...I PUT IT ACROSS YOUR THROAT!
AND I WANT THE WOMAN!
YOU CAN'T ... DON'T!
LET HER GO, YOU ANIMAL!
NO! NOW THAT SHE'S MINE I'D DIE FOR HER!
JAKE! BOBBY! DON'T LEAVE ME...!!
I DON'T DIE FOR NOBODY, SISTER!

YOU WON'T HURT...
QUIET!
PLEASE I'LL...
SHUT UP!

YOUR BED.
OUR BED.

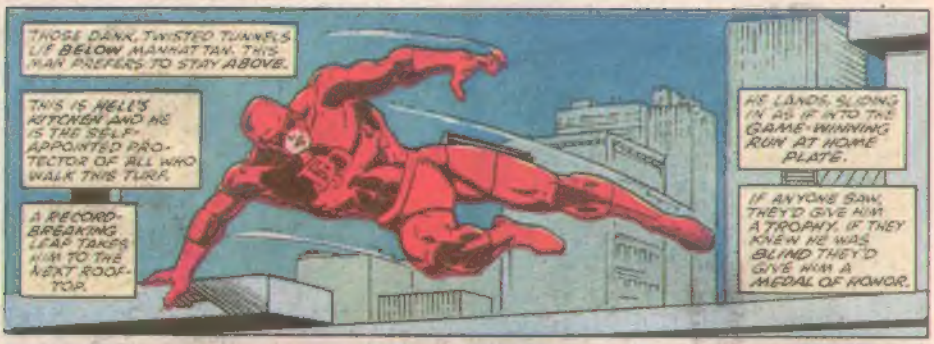
SOMETHING IS MISSING. HIS LIPS CURL AND A FERAL RUMBLE ROLLS DEEP IN HIS CHEST.
IT'S THE HUNGER AGAIN.

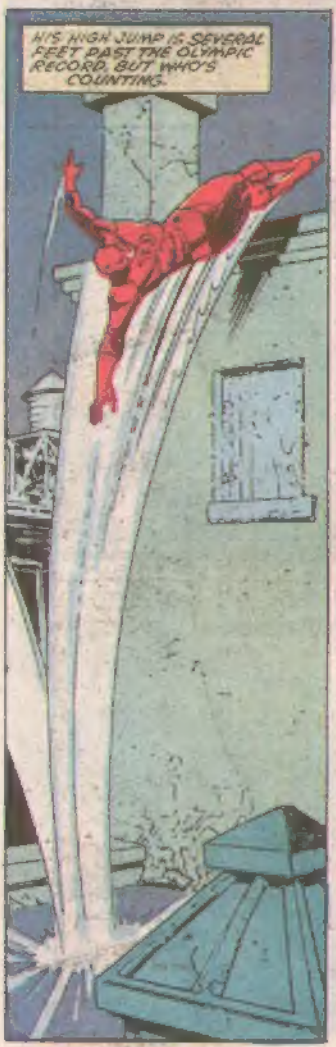
THE MAN WHO GOES BY THE NAME OF AN EXTINCT TIGER OPENS UP HIS SENSES.

WITHIN SECONDS HE TASTES, SMELLS, HEARS ALL HE NEEDS TO. THE TUNNELS ARE EMPTY FOR MILES. NOTHING TO HUNT OR BE HUNTED.

HE IS SABERTOOTH AND HE LIKES TO KILL. SO HE TRIES TO GET HARD FOR IT. THESE DAYS THE BIG MONEY IS BEING PAID TO KILL MUTANTS. HE'S ALREADY SLAUGHTERED SOME MORLOCKS, AND IS WAITING FOR THE GO-AHEAD TO TAKE OUT THE X-MEN.

IN THE MEANTIME, THERE IS HIS MATE. AND THERE IS SLEEP.
THE OTHER THING WILL COME SOON.


THOSE DANK, TWISTED TUNNELS OF BELOW MANHATTAN. THIS MAN PREFERS TO STAY ABOVE.
THIS IS HELL'S KITCHEN AND HE IS THE SELF-APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF ALL WHO WALK THIS TURF.
A RECORD-BREAKING LEAP TAKES HIM TO THE NEXT ROOFTOP.
HE LANDS, SLIDING IN AS IF INTO THE GAME-WINNING RUN AT HOME PLATE.
IF ANYONE SAW, THEY'D GIVE HIM A TROPHY. IF THEY KNEW HE WAS BLIND THEY'D GIVE HIM A MEDAL OF HONOR.


HIS HIGH JUMP IS SEVERAL FEET PAST THE OLYMPIC RECORD, BUT WHO'S COUNTING.

HE PAUSES, TENSED LIKE A RUNNER AT THE STARTING LINE.
HE HAS NO USE FOR HIS SIGHT, LOST IN A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT, BUT THE COMPENSATING RADAR SENSE, ACQUIRED AS A RESULT OF THAT ACCIDENT, TELLS HIM ALL HE NEEDS TO KNOW.

WELL, THIS IS ONE FIGHT I WON'T STOP.
NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
GUESS THESE DOGS WOULD NEVER SHARE THIS ALLEY. ANIMALS ARE PRETTY SELFISH WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
AT LEAST IF MAN DOESN'T HAVE THE INSTINCT TO GIVE HE LEARNS HOW.

AND THE BETTER DOG WINS.

THAT SMELL... THE DOG IS EATING MOLDY CAKE... COFFEE GRINDS... GARBAGE.
THIS IS THE WILDLIFE OF THE CITY. THE JUNGLE ANIMALS.
WE'VE POURED SO MUCH CONCRETE AND STEEL ONTO THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN IT SOMETIMES DOESN'T EVEN FEEL LIKE THE PLANET EARTH ANYMORE. NOTHING LEFT OF NATURES MORE BENEVOLENT SIDE.
AND THE BEASTS THAT DWELL HERE EAT GARBAGE.
WHAT...? A THREAT... A CRY... THREE HEARTBEATS. THREE MEN. GUNPOWDER. ENOUGH FOR TWO GUNS. FOUR BLOCKS SOUTHWEST.
HE'S ONE MILE DRIVING FORTY YARD SPRINT SHOULD GET HIM A GOLD MEDAL.
HE LEAPS WITH THE GRACE OF A FIRST-PLACE GYMNAST...
...WRESTLES THE MAN TO THE GROUND LIKE A COWBOY TAMING A WILD BULL.
DAREDEVIL! AW, BLAST IT ALL!
NOT AGAIN...
YES AGAIN.
MAY I BORROW YOUR BELT?

THANK YOU.
SURE. YEAH. YOU'RE WELCOME.
A RUNNING TARGET.
HE TOSSES HIS BILLY CLUB AWAY LIKE IT'S THE BAT OF A SLUGGER WHO ALREADY KNOWS HE JUST HIT ONE OUT OF THE PARK.
CHOCK!
UNGH!
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS RUN?
JUST STUPID I GUESS.
WE'LL BE OUT IN A WEEK!
DON'T I KNOW IT.
SO WHY BOTHER?
BRIGHTENS MY DAY.

LOOK AT YOU--SO COOL, SUCH HOT STUFF!
YOU WAITIN' FOR YOUR THANKS, HERO? FOR THE APPLAUSE?
I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING--I HAD A STORE ON 40TH AND 7TH. A LITTLE FLOWER SHOP. NICE PIECE OF BUSINESS. SMELL OF FLOWERS ALL DAY. FELT LIKE THE COUNTRY.
KEPT MY KIDS IN NEW SHOES. ONCE IN A WHILE EVEN A SILK DRESS FOR MY WIFE.

BUT YOU BROUGHT THAT SUPER-SOLDIER NUKE HERE, AND YOU TWO TORE UP THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE FIRES. THE GUNS. IT WAS LIKE BRINGING THE WAR BACK.
THEN BOOM, AND MY STORE, MY LIFE IS GONE!
* IN ISSUE #233 R.M.

SO DON'T YOU DARE SAVE ME FROM THE MUGGERS!
I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE STREET THUGS...

"THAN HAVE A COSTUMED SUPER BULLY PROTECTING ME...

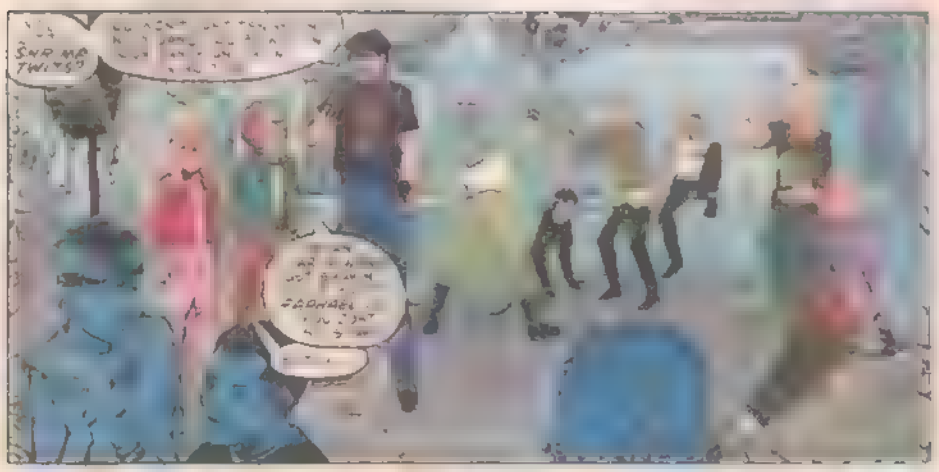
"DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU ATTRACT MORE VIOLENCE THAN YOU COULD EVER STOP!?

"GET OUT OF OUR CITY BEFORE YOU KILL US ALL!"
YOU'RE RIGHT, MY FRIEND. AND YOU'RE WRONG. BUT I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT TO YOU.

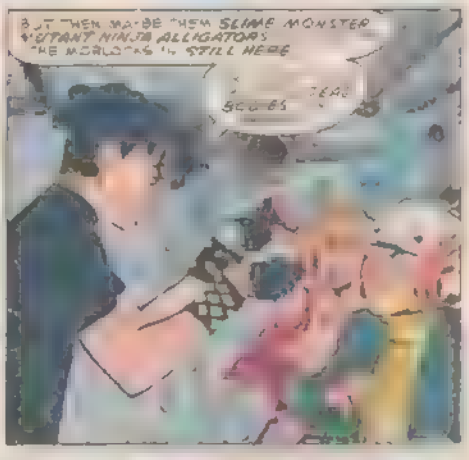
HIS GESTURE IS STILL PURE CONFIDENCE.
THE TOSS PERFECT.

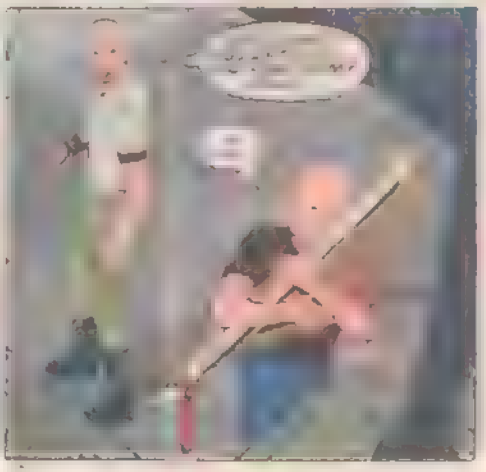
HARRY! WHAT'S WRONG?
YOUR FACE... YOUR FACE... IT'S... BEEDS!!!
WOW!! GOSH... RADICAL!
GEEZ! AWESOME! COOL!
NO HARREEEEEE!!
RRAAAAAARRRRRR
NO! DON'T HURT HER! WHERE'S THE HERO!!??
HEH HEH
PLEASE, SOMEBODY SAVE HER!
DUMB DARLA.
DON'T TOUCH HER!!
HE'S GONNA GET HER!!
HEH HEH

RRAARRR!
EEE EEE!
AOOOOW!
EE EEEE!
BUTCH! YOU ROTTEN...
I'LL KILL YOU YOU STINKIN' PIZZA-FACED TAD-POLE!
BUGGER
BRAINED
ROTHEAD!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH
CHILDREN!
TURN OFF THAT TELEVISION!
I WON'T HAVE ANY SON OF MINE HERO WORSHIPPING AND LEARNING FROM VIOLENT ROLE MODELS!!
HONEY, OUR SON KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TV HERO AND A REAL ONE!
NO HE DOESN'T! NO MORE TV!
BUT DAD! THE STREETS ARE TOUGH! I GOTTA LEARN HOW TO BE LIKE DAREDEVIL!
NO! THOSE PARA-MILITARY VIGILANTE BULLIES ARE THE WORST! AS LONG AS THERE ARE HEROES LIKE THAT, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE VILLAINS!
NOW GET GOING TO THE LIBRARY AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU PLAYING WITH RAPHAEL AND HIS GANG OF THUGS!
COURSE NOT DADDY BYE DADDY I'M GOING TO THE LIBRARY NOW DADDY.


SHRIMP TWITS?

MORLOCKS
OURS


BUT THEN MAYBE THEM SLIME MONSTER MUTANT NINJA ALLIGATORS THE MORLOCKS IS STILL HERE



CLAIMED THIS SPOT

OKAY SHE MET THAT GO EARN YOUR STRIPES AND FIND OUT WHAT HOW'ED
EH NO PROBLEM
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS HOW'EDS MONSTERS ARE IN MADE UP BY US
WHO WOKE ME UP!?
HELP!
YOU LITTLE INSECTS! NOW I MAKE YOU WARE ME.
SEE ME
BUT WAPPAE, YOU'S JUM LEAPER
HIDE ME
I HAVE A HUNGER NOW I HUNGER
THIS IS NEW YORK BUT IN THEM THE CITIES ARE PROTECTED BY DARE DEVIL!
HERE'S WHERE AND HERE'S ONE BEAT YOU UP
OH YEAH WE THINK NEW YORK IS HIS
HE'S THE TOWNIES BAT AROUND NOW?
NO YOU'RE NOT
WHAT'S

WHAT THAT
SAID OUT OF MY MIND
TO GET UP EVERY DAY AND HIT THE STREETS PLAY THE HERO--
I HAVE TO BELIEVE WHAT I DO IS RIGHT.
PEOPLE
TO LEAVE
...SHOULD
A HEARTBEAT...SOMEONES ON THIS ROOF BUT THE
TIGERS?!
HERE
BUT HE DOESN'T
FAST I
MOVING
QUICK
WRONG MOVE

I'M BETTER
WHY DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT ME?

DOGS
DANIEL
GET MY OUT OF HERE

HE GETS HIS HANDS ON ME I'M DEAD
BUT YOU CAN'T BLIND A BLINDMAN THIS GIVES ME THE EDGE I NEED!

HE CAN SEE IN THE DARK!
GOTCHA CHUMP! YOU AIN'T THE ONLY ONE WITH NIGHTSIGHT
HE'S PART CAT! HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID!?
KRAK!

IT'S LIKE YOU DARE ME, DEVIL TO TAKE YOU DOWN!
LOOK!

HE HUNTED AND CAUGHT
BUT WHY DOESN'T HE KILL AND EAT
WHY CAN'T THAT WHY ANIMALS HUNT? TO EAT?
NOW HE
NO!!
THE CAT
OLD BEHAVIOR
HAS THE URGE
WHY?
WHEN ANIMALS BECOME TOO DOMESTICATED OR
UNNATURAL PLACE LIKE THIS CITY, THEY'RE TOO CUT OFF FROM NATURE, FROM THEIR OWN INSTINCTS
HE HUNGERS FOR THE HUNTE
NEVER KNOW WHY
POOR CAT- IT ISN'T FAIR
CRASH!

A CORPSE! ONE OF THE MORLOCKS MUST HAVE CRAWLED AWAY TO DIE DURING THE MUTANT MASSACRE.
WHAT'S HE DOING...? HE SNIFFS... TILTS HIS HEAD... HE'S NOT USING HIS EYES!
YOU'RE BLIND, DEVILMAN!
NOT BAD. I'M IMPRESSED.
AND I'M TRAPPED.
HE'S DEAD, WILDMAN. WHICH IS WHAT ONE OF US WILL BE IF WE KEEP THIS UP.
THE STENCH OF DEATH STILL SMELL SWEET TO YOU, WILDMAN?
PROTECT YOUR THROAT, GIRL!
HELP MEEEEEE!

SLASH!
WAM!
CRAK!
POW!
HEARTBEAT WEAK. LOSING BLOOD. BUT SHE'LL LIVE.
SHE'S DEAD! NOW WHAT?!
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR KILLS?
I DON'T ...KNOW...

IT'S THE HUNGER...
IT MAKES ME...
SWAT
CUT IT OUT!! YOU SICK CAT!
IT LEAVES ME HUNGRIER...!
AAAoooOOOOOOOO
HE SEEMS A THROWBACK TO ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER WORLD.
AND I'M TOO INJURED TO FOLLOW...
AAAAOOOOOO
DON'T WORRY. HE'S GONE. DID HE HURT YOU WHILE YOU WERE HIS PRISONER?
NO, THAT'S WHAT WAS STRANGE.
HE WAS SO KIND TO ME HE BARELY TOUCHED ME.

NEXT: MEET ROTGUT!!